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IN VACATION.

Strong Stuff.—"Is this stuff guaranteed to make a rabbit slap a bulldog in the face?"

"My dear sir," said the bootlegger, with a pained expression. "This stuff will make a tenant snap his fingers under his landlord's nose."

Not Unwilling.—Mrs. Jones had been regarding a second marriage with favor since the death of her husband, and was all a-flutter when the sheriff, with whom she was slightly acquainted, came to the door with some evidences of embarrassment.

"Madam," he began diffidently, "I have an attachment for you."

"Sir," she replied, blushing, "it is reciprocated."

"You don't understand me. You must proceed to court."

"Ah, now, do you think it's Leap year? Do your own courting."

"Mrs. Jones, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting."

"Is he? Well I suppose I must be going, 'though this is so sudden, and really, I'd prefer a minister."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Rather Pointed.—There were two convicts, one in for stealing a watch, the other for stealing a cow, who gave vent to their dislike for each other in conversation full of innuendo. For instance the cow thief said to the man who had stolen the watch:

"Jim, what time is it!"

"Milking time, Joe."

He Qualified.—"Now, then," demanded the lawyer, "what do you know about this case?"

"Nothing."

"Were you there?"

"No."

"Then why are you trying to horn in here?"

"I was called as a juror."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Poodle.—"Just a word," said the lawyer to his fair client, "If your husband asks for the custody of the poodle don't try to win the sympathy of the court by weeping and calling the little animal your precious darling."

"Why not?"

"The judge is the father of ten children, and he's proud of it."